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POETRY.

THE ASH AND THE HOLLY.

FOR LITTLE READERS.

"Pray what may your name be? I've thought the whole Spring."

"That I never once met with so sharp-faced a thing! Though it may seem unkind to make such remark, Yet, really, such leaves—and so dense a bark!—I never saw but I such an object had seen, I'd have certainly gone where I could not be seen."

Thus spoke a young Ash, with a slim, graceful waist— Who assumed the air of a lady of taste. And when the holly, who rose to grace Was not to be found in the forest or here. In fact, not a tree of the forest stand near. But deigned the poor holly too low for their sphere!

The holly looked upward, as though her heart pined— For the hard to be so soft and so kind. But she shook the large leaves from her leaves as she said: "And without the leafy cover, thus answered and smiled: 'The green, Miss Ash, I'm less graceful than you— But I've less grace, I've less arrogance, too!'"

"I wear not the tawels and flowers which adorn The face of the chestnut, this beautiful form! And the river that flows in the east, light divine, Might seem to reflect such an image as mine; Yet, within the dark aspect you seem to despise, Leave something common to skin to the skin!"

"When the clouds of the West descend in their wrath, And the shrill trumpet blows of your condole path— When the heavy rain is all thickened and east, As a thing to be sprung by the foot of the blast; Then the poor holly is proud for its own, And loved in gay halls, where the Ash is unknown."

"There deeded in her plain modest garment of green, With a necklace of emerald, she reigns like a queen; While hearts, young and happy, dance round her and sing. And the north and the south, the music of winds, Seem sweeter than May, and the singing of birds."

"No doubt that my reign is but partial and brief; No, a two weeks' reign, and then I am left. And the green, that I wear, though green, is not green, For the leafy cover, thus answered and smiled: 'I love the chestnut, and I love the chestnut!'"

"When next you come to me, upon the forest of earth, And when the sun and moon and stars are bright, Remember me, and say, 'I am not dead, but I am still!'"

"THE STORY TELLER. From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION. BY GEORGE LIPPARD. PALASKI.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count Palaski appeared in all his glory.

As he rode, charging there, into the thickest of it, he was a warrior to look upon but once, and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plumes of his cap, Palaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and back of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Palaski, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy. Bronzed in hue, lighted by a large, dark eye, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in wavy masses, from beneath his tattered cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could fit.

It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, lit with the scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly Europeans; some Germans, some Poles, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death, and death on the gibbet; therefore they fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."

When they charged it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the clouds of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all. Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise, like the echo of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Palaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform, his black steel rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder he spoke to his men:

"FORWARDS, BRUDEREN, FORWARDS!" It was but broken German, yet they under-

stood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt faces, wounds and gashes. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with dead, while the living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle-day of Brandywine that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spoke what he had to say with the edge of his sword. It was a severe lesson, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting-house away to the top of Osborne's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Palaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say:

"FORWARDS, BRUDEREN, FORWARDS!"

It was in the Retreat of Brandywine, that the Count was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clad—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host that Palaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon-steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His bare head shone in an occasional sunbeam, or grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact, from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still it rose there, executing a British hireling, when it fell—still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"FORWARDS, BRUDEREN!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the British yonder, stripping their coats from their backs in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South, for Washington, who with the reserve, under Green, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in view.

Then Palaski was convulsed with rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victim after victim; even there, in front of their whole army he flung his steel across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them, in his broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior, convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhed like serpents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.

Those retreating men turned, they faced the enemy again—like greyhounds at bay before the wolf—they sprang upon the necks of the foe and bore them down by one desperate charge.

It was at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more to the battle.

These people know but little of the American General who called him the American Hannibal, that is, a general compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Palaski! When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from wilds like the Skippack upon an army, like the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon borders like those of the Hessians, at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Palaski. This comparison of our heroes, with the barbarian demigods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Saviour of the People! Cicero, the opponent of Cato, with Henry, the Champion of a Continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but a chivalry and a genius.

It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shriek his name and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

Yes, it was in the dread hydra of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemy's troops, on the top of a high hill, south-west of the Meeting House, while Palaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troops came sweeping up the hill and around him, while Palaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hammer.

It was a glorious prize, the Mitten Washington in the heart of the British army.

Suddenly the Poleman turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron grey and his rider.

There was but one moment:

With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses, and then a dark body, solid and compact was sweeping over the valley like a thunder-bolt, sped from the heavens—three hundred

swords rose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark crown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Palaski!—Like a spirit roused into life, by the thunderbolt he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his hand had but one look, one will, one shout for WASHINGTON!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.

But that trembling of the earth in the valley, yonder. What means it?

That terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words or of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Men, as they scent their prey? What means it all?

Palaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came—he and his gallant band—A moment and he had swept over the British—crashed—mangled, dead and dying the strewn of the green soil—he had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band sweep round the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak, their swords of steel—the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

It was at Savannah that night came down upon Palaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding round towards yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to the right or left he rides, his eyes fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head.

For the last time, they heard that war cry—"FORWARDS, BRUDEREN, FORWARDS!"

Then they saw that black horse, plunging forward, his forefeet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior-rider, arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.

That flash once gone, they saw Palaski no more. But they found him, yes beneath the English cannon, crushed by the same gun, that he had ridden, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eyes.

So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains. He died in the stout hope that both, would one day, be free. With regard to America, his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland—

"Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts, near Savannah—will yield up its dead? For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the Universe."

Then, when re-created Poland rears her Eagle aloft again, among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home, with the shout of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.

Yes, the day is coming when Kosciusko and Palaski will sleep side by side, beneath the soil of RECREATED POLAND.

From the New Orleans Delta.

JACK MORAN.

Jack Moran was certainly the most original genius that we ever met with. He served in all the campaigns in the Florida war, and was present at the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto. Jack is no fatuous individual, but a real blood-and-bone animal, and in all human probability, at the very time that we were thus remembering his name, he was in the trenches of the Palo Alto, at Point Isabel, or else charging across and across in the marshes adjacent. Jack's headquarters were the store of our amiable friend H—, and to H— Jack was "all in all." He blacked boots, carried down the horses, shot birds, drank whiskey, did all the "chores" and cursing for the whole party. The first acquaintance we had with Jack, was one fine morning directly after a rain. The back part of the store, (a mere rickety-rackety shanty) was absolutely alive with frogs. Some one called out, in the very richest Mexican brogue—

"Ah, Paddy, me boy, how are ye this mornin'?" Jimmy, how, did ye sleep well last night? By the larks or yer coat I'm thinkin' that ye were caught in the rain. Never mind, Jimmy, you and I are one and the same; both of us disciples of the blessed Father Mathew, and could weather our own maxim former on a day. George, my lark, how's yer mother, an all—oh, murder! murder! I've killed her! I've killed her!"

Jack burst into the store, with his hands before his eyes, apparently in the greatest agony of remorse.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Oh, I've killed my darlin'! He was the loveliest of 'em all—I murdered him since he was a babe, and now I've murdered him!"

"Murdered who, Jack?"

"Poor little Patrick, the little frog with the speckled coat and the white stomach! I accidentally trod on his toe and broke his back!"

Just at this moment an elongated specimen of humanity, as yellow as a sallow, and as weak as that same coffee, (which was so weak that it would not run down an inclined plane,) entered the

store and enquired "for some—bird shot—to—shoot—then little birdies—that—was a comin' all around." At almost every word the poor fellow would have to stop and draw a long breath, in order to give him strength sufficient to repeat the succeeding one; but Jack, although his heart was full of sympathy for the afflicted, could not resist the opportunity.

"Is it shot ye want?"

"Yes—I want—some shot—to shoot—then there little!"

"Oh, I know what ye want. Is it for them wee little birds that come huppin' about as thick as gooseberries in mackerel season?"

"Well, I don't want—nothin'—else."

"By the powers, me boy, ye've come to the right place. This is the only stor (store) that they sell shot to kill them same birdies, an it's lucky I am here to attend on ye. I've thrived and thrived to kill 'em, but this is the only kind of metal that will penetrate their hides."

Here Jack scooped up about a pound of buck shot, large enough to kill a bull, let alone birds not larger than sparrows.

"But," said the invalid, "I wanted mustard-seed shot."

"Man alive," answered Jack, with seeming severity, "I'll give ye these and no others are the shot. I wanted this in mustard, and could Major Munroe, long life to him say I used to kill thousands and thousands of birds every mornin' before noon for his breakfast."

Jack's logic had a great effect on the "green man," and he actually sold him four pounds of buck shot to be used against birds tamer than chickens and no bigger than wrens!

Jack was a foraging party in himself—money was of no use to him—he had plenty of whiskey, two old spavined horses, a gun that went off once in about five times, and as for powder and shot, why he always managed to get them somehow or other. He would kill a brace or two of plover, and then sell them for a fish; then he'd trace the fish off for whiskey and ammunition, or anything else that he might want. So he went on, a careless, light-hearted, liquor-loving creature, thinking of naught that might happen on the morrow.

Once, whilst on a shooting excursion on the plain outside the fortifications at Point Isabel, Jack happened to be on his escort. In fact, he acted as pointer, and showed where the game lay. Suddenly he flushed a covey of partridges—we were about to fire when he shouted "hold on!"

"Jack, you're a fool! what did you do that for?"

"Ah, sir," said Jack, with a true sigh. "D'ye see that grave, yonder; not them narrow dirt piles, but the grave there wid the muskets an' bayonets standin' round it. That, sir, is poor Ringgold's grave, an' these is his partridges. They feed about there and seem to love his dust. I wouldn't kill one of 'em if I was starvin'!"

The lesson was simple but touching. There, indeed, was the truly martial grave of the gallant Ringgold, and his friends, where

"Sully an' I bury them dead men down, From the field of his true faith and glory; Ye that carried us to a land—raised not a stone— But left him alone in his glory!"

On another occasion, too, we noticed a spirit in Jack that was above all praise. An officer of the army was on furlough, (a term used, possibly, to save his feelings, for in fact we believe it was an eternal furlough) he was very much addicted to intemperance, which, in all probability, was the cause of all his misfortune. One morning, after a carouse, he woke up and found that some person had cut the shoulder straps from his military coat. Naturally sensitive, this month drove him almost distracted, and as the drummer report, he again had recourse to the bottle. About noon he was a perfect maniac—frantic, puer, and degraded almost beyond redemption, he had none to succor him, and would not

"How turned upon his heel to succor him?"

All around were laughing, sneering, scoffing; but poor Jack Moran, the drunken soldier, still had a heart which welled up the purest streams of sympathy. He took charge of the disorderly officer, and treated him with the tenderness of a brother. "Ah, gentlemen," said Jack, "I know that I am not the likes of ye—ye I like to get drunk, and to be sent to the hospital, all the while if me fortune could about it. Ah, poor Captain, I know him when he was a man, and a braver or a better soldier never stood in shoe-leather. If ye'd seen him as I have, ye'd be ashamed to see him now. The bloody Injun Semmes ruined his sweet face, but he'd murdered him it would be been a blessing—no matter—he's been the same man since!"

As noble a heart as ever beat in man's bosom dwelt in the breast of poor Jack Moran!

A STRAID MAN. "My dear," said a lady to her husband, "Mr. S— seems to be a mighty steady sort of a man."

"You are exactly right, my love; Mr. S— is indeed a very steady man, and if he was only a little steadier, he'd stand right still."

STAGE THICKS. A country manager lately asked a young candidate for the sock, if he was well acquainted with "stage tricks?"

"O, yes, sir, very well; for I come it over the last two stage coaches, beautiful!"

THE CALVES AND THE KID. The green horns were excited their whirling crystal in the Captain's Rind speculation, are becoming daily more anxious to recover his money, being perfectly convinced they have lost their own.

THE RICHEST GENIUS. The late learned Dr. W. having married a lady by the name of Experience who was very tall, on being asked, some time after the event, what he thought of the married state, replied that he found, by long Experience, it was not good for a man to be along.

WET FEET. The Philadelphia Inquirer says: Wet feet is one of the most effective agents employed in the field. It has produced more graves than the gory engines of war. Those who neglect to keep their feet dry are suicides.

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POLITICAL ABOLITIONISM.

Abolitionism—the political party organized under that name—professing a devout reverence for the inborn freedom and equality of man—denies the value of the Union, and tramples the state sovereignty under foot. It would ransom the African slave from bondage at the price of national dishonor and the subversion, discord and eternal strife of the states.

A beautiful democratic mind cannot—in the exercise of its "sober second thought"—cannot so far forget the harmony of duty, as to adopt this fanaticism of political abolition. It may regard slavery anywhere as a great evil, a direct practical denial of the essential truths of democracy. It may deplore the misfortune, the misconduct, or the inconsistency of every sister state where slavery exists. It may assert and maintain to the utmost, the right of discussing this subject and all others that can interest the heart of humanity. It may lament that congress has no power to purchase the freedom of every slave and proclaim a universal emancipation. But it will not less remember that the power of congress is limited within narrow and well defined boundaries; that in constraining these powers, the rigid rule of construction must not be forgotten, that within their own jurisdiction states are sovereigns and that democracy watches with eternal jealousy every act of usurpation or of interference with these sovereignties, whether done or attempted by the federal authorities, or by a sister state. Nor will it forget to love and cherish the Union as the palladium of our national welfare, and the richest political legacy that ever descended from one generation to another.

Not even the sacred name or cause of philanthropy should blind our eyes to political truth and duty. And if we find in our midst a political party, acting under the banner of humanity but organized for political purposes, threatening either to transgress the limits of the constitution under foot; straining the powers of the general government beyond their legitimate bounds—disregarding the sacred rights of state sovereignty, and laughing to scorn the value of the Union, we should be faithful to duty, false to the memory and blood of our fathers, traitors to the country and our posterity, did we not discontinue that party and resist its operations.

On some exciting occasions, multitudes of excellent men, carried away by their kindly impulses, may forget and do forget constitutional obligations, general principles of right, and the effect of one evil precedent in the introduction of a course of government usurpation. Gratitude to public benefactors may lead to an unconstitutional grant of thousands of acres of the national domain. Sympathy with the bereaved family of a deceased public officer may lead to a like misappropriation of the national treasure. A great conflagration may occasion an act of special legislation in behalf of the sufferers, which has no warrant in any article of our Union. But the wise, consistent and clear-headed friend of free government will regret such acts, as the first insidious advances of a central tyranny—a breaking up of ancient political landmarks—a proof that even the conscientious and kindly instincts and impulses of our minds are to be watched with that vigilance, which, as has been so often said (and cannot be too often said) is the price of liberty.

For those reasons the true lover of his country, and the thoughtful observer of events will find ample reason to distrust and discountenance organized abolitionism.

As politicians the abolitionists care nothing for our own Union. Their leaders openly denounce it. Their whole association ridicules and despises it. "Let the slave states go," say they; "we leave it along without them."

But after their departure it is reasonable to suppose that "right" should continue ourselves united? When disunion commences what assurance have we that it will ever cease? If one cause leads to another, another cause will precede, and the seed of discord once sown and suffered to bear fruit, will become, like the dragon's teeth of the Cadian fable, a harvest of armed men. Who that has read the bloody annals of the past, does not know that dismembered states are implacable and ferocious enemies?—that border wars and perpetual conflicts are the heritage of captured cities and broken leagues?—and that the scattered fragments of republics once joined in harmonious strength and beauty, become the easy prey of the invader, and are built up into a new and monstrous fabric of military despotism?

Let those who sentimentalize over the "negation of distance" of slavery, reflect upon the blotchy infamy and deeper disgrace of a treacherable disunion, or bloody dissent, of a slavery perpetuated and rendered eternal by their own brooding hate. [Extract from the Address of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts.

Long Experience. The late learned Dr. W. having married a lady by the name of Experience who was very tall, on being asked, some time after the event, what he thought of the married state, replied that he found, by long Experience, it was not good for a man to be along.

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Board of Education held the first meeting in the Senate chamber at Augusta, Dec. 14th, and continued its Session to Dec. 21st, 1846.

The meeting was called to order by Hon. Stephen Emory of Oxford Co. and Hon. Philip Eastman of Cumberland, was appointed Chairman, pro tem. When a Committee was raised to receive and examine the credentials of members. The following persons were reported as duly elected:—

- From York County—Horace Piper;
- “ Cumberland—Philip Eastman;
- “ Oxford—Stephen Emory;
- “ Franklin—Oliver S. Currier;
- “ Somerset—Samuel Taylor, Jr.;
- “ Piscataquis—Samuel Adams;
- “ Penobscot—David Worcester;
- “ Ardoostook—Wm. J. Savage;
- “ Waldo—Ebenezer Knowlton;
- “ Kennebec—Richard H. Vose;

The Board was organized by the choice of Hon. Stephen Emory of Oxford, Chairman, and Wm. J. Savage of Ardoostook, Clerk.

The throne of grace was addressed by Rev. Mr. Adlam, when the vacancies in the Board were filled by the unanimous choice of Messrs. Aaron Hayden and Benjamin Randall, as members for the Counties of Washington and Lincoln. Subsequently Mr. Arthur F. Drinkwater, appeared and took his seat, as member from Hancock. The members of the Board were duly qualified by Mr. Sawyer, assistant Secretary of State.

A business Committee having been appointed, made reports:

That a free interchange of opinion be had on the following subjects:—

1. The location and construction of school houses.
2. The arrangement of school districts.
3. Text books.
4. School apparatus and libraries.
5. Mode of qualifying teachers.
6. Education in new settlements.
7. School districts registered.

The remaining part of the first day was spent in animated, and very interesting discussion by several members, of the 1st and 2d topics as reported above. The unfavorable and the desirable points in the location and structure of school houses, were brought to view—together with modes of warming and ventilating them. The evil of dividing towns into numerous and small school districts were developed, as witnessed in short and inferior schools; and a strong desire was evinced, that the remedy might be applied.

The times of meeting of the Board, were fixed at 9 o'clock, A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M. The meetings generally continued till one o'clock and 6 P. M.

THURSDAY FORENOON. The discussion on the topic of the arrangement of school districts, was continued by members of the Board at large, with great animation. The result was harmony of view, and a deepened impression of the important bearing of the topic on the welfare of our Common Schools.

The 6th topic also was taken up, viz: “Education in the new settlements,” and the wants and difficulties of the newer parts of the State were brought to the attention of the Board.

At three o'clock P. M. the time previously assigned for that purpose, the Board proceeded to elect a Secretary. The laborious and important office was filled by the choice of William G. Crosby, Esq., of Belfast, having received the unanimous vote. Resolved that the thanks of the Board of Education be presented to Hon. Elisha M. Thurston, Provisional School agent of the State of Maine, for the faithful and efficient manner, in which he has discharged the duties of that office.

The topic of “text books” was brought before the Board; the discussion of which occupied the most of the forenoon, and a part of the afternoon. They were considered at length, in reference to their adaptation to the teachers’ and pupils’ wants, the importance of uniformity in the same school and town,—and the competition among publishers of rival series of School books.

On Friday, the Board took up topic No. 5, viz: “the mode of qualifying teachers.” This subject occupied the attention and elicited the deep interest of the Board, during the whole day. The plan and operations of Teachers’ Institutes, were fully considered, and that mode of qualifying teachers was adopted. The bearing of parental interest in the school upon the teachers was developed, and the necessity of establishing schools for qualifying teachers in the parts of the State, where they do not now exist.

On Saturday, the following order was passed:—“Ordered that each member of the Board be requested to obtain during the recess, as full information as practicable, in regard to the text books now in use in his County, for the purpose of communicating the same to the Board, at the next session.”

The business Committee reported that Committees be appointed, on the following subjects:

1. On School laws and districts.
2. “ School houses.
3. “ Qualification and Education of teachers.
4. “ Branches and modes of intellectual instruction.
5. “ Moral instruction.
6. “ Physical Education.
7. “ Music.
8. “ School government and discipline.
9. “ Classification of schools and pupils.
10. “ Education in new settlements.
11. “ Registers and returns.
12. “ Text books.
13. “ Libraries and apparatus.

This report was adopted, and Committees were appointed accordingly. The Board was eloquently addressed by Mr. Thurston, late Provisional Agent, on the object and mode of operation at large, of the Board of Education.

MONDAY, DEC. 21. It was ordered, that the Secretary of the Board, be requested to propose a plan in detail for Teachers’ Institutes, to be held in each County of the State—together with an estimate of the expense necessarily attending them. That he also report such alterations in the times of holding the County Conventions of

School Committees, as will enable him to be present at all the Conventions, and also to visit all the Teachers Institutes during their session. Ordered, That the Secretary of this Board be requested to prepare and transmit to the members of the Board, as soon as may be, a sufficient number of blank returns, for the several towns in their respective Counties, embracing the number of school districts—time of the continuance of each school—number and attendance of the pupils—amount of money raised by the town and expended in each district—kind of books used in the different branches—and such other information as he may deem desirable; and, that it be the duty of the members of the Board, in their respective Counties, to obtain the desired information, from the Superintending School Committee of the several towns, to lay before the Board at its next meeting.

Ordered, That the Secretary of State be requested to furnish to the Secretary of this Board such a number of printed blanks, as he may deem necessary, under the above order.

The next meeting of the Board of Education was appointed to be held at Augusta, on the first Wednesday of May next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A vote of thanks was given to the Honorable Judge Emory for the able, dignified and courteous manner in which he had presided over the deliberations of the Board; to which the Chairman responded in an appropriate and felicitous address—and the Board adjourned.

The sessions of the Board were without exception, spirited, harmonious and delightful—unmolested by party or sectarian feeling, and devoted to the one object, for the promotion of which they had been established. The great cause of common schools, rose in the view of the mind the longer and more minutely it was contemplated. Views were developed, and plans entered upon, with the favor of the people, must result in the increased efficiency and elevation of the people’s colleges throughout the whole State.

Per order of the Board.

Who is responsible for the continuance of the war? Mr. Kennedy answered this question, the other day, in the debate on the President’s message.

“Who—who, he asked, were, in fact, responsible for the blood which had been shed in this war. These religious gentlemen were the men it was their speeches; their exhortations; their denunciations—their professions of the opposition of the American people to the maintenance of the Texas boundary as against Mexico, which has induced that miserable and besotted nation to suppose that a war for the vindication of the United States and for the maintenance of its just rights, would not be sustained, and hence it had been that the Mexicans had rushed medly into the conflict. It was the very same religious influence which induced the Mexicans to contest and refuse submission. It was the course pursued by such religious gentlemen which led the Mexicans to say, “These friends of ours in the United States will paralyze the hands of their own government, and we will wring from them a favorable peace!” But for such influences, would another battle have followed that of Palo Alto? No. On the skirts of those who denounced the government of the United States for the prosecution of the war rested all the blood of Americans and Mexicans which had been poured out upon the battle field. These were his [Mr. K.’s] honest views, spoken with great plainness, and without any pretensions to rhetorical effect.”

Col. Baker, the only living member of Congress from Maine, who had his regiment in Mexico, and returned to Washington on a military mission, appeared in his seat on Monday, but resigns it after the 15th of January. The writer for the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says:—

“Mr. Baker made his speech to-day on the Mexican war, and it is not too much to say that he commanded the exclusive attention and enthusiastic admiration of nearly the whole house and a large number of visitors in the galleries.

Mr. Baker’s enthusiasm in behalf of the prosecution of the war was quite animating, and will have great effect. He details the whips from the charge of opposition to the prosecution of the war. On the question of its origin and its justice he had nothing to say, relying on the patriotism of the people to fight it out now that we are in it.

The whole people, as he said, were in favor of making the war a brief and efficient one, and it was commenced in this spirit, and with this intention; but though we had gained glorious victories, we had gained no results. We had done nothing towards conquering a peace.

What we had done had not crippled the enemy or impaired their resources; but had only served to excite their patriotism, unite their factions, and concentrate their means of resistance. He said that we must conquer peace this winter, by going to the city of Mexico with 30,000 men. I’ve did not do it this winter, we would never do it so easily hereafter. It would be cruelty to our troops to expose them to a summer campaign.

Mr. Baker offered a joint resolution to authorize the issue of clothing to the volunteers, at cost, which was passed. He proposed that 30,000 men be immediately raised for the war; and that a gratuity of three months extra pay be given to the volunteers and regulars now in the service.

A Patriotic Lady. A Virginia lady, as we learn from the Petersburg Republican, who has been for some time confined to her couch by indisposition, desired a gentleman to visit her, and made known her anxiety to do something for the gallant young men who had volunteered for the war.

“Sit,” said she, “I wish to have the honor of contributing to the purchase of the flag which is to be presented to the volunteers; and more, if there is a young man in that company who is about to leave a poor, widowed mother behind, do let me know her name, and I will take care of her while he is away.”

There was the spark of that true fire which animated the bosom of “Mary the mother of Washington.”

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Having conferred with gentlemen who arrived here on Thursday from Havana, we learn that there is a prevailing impression among those who know Santa Anna in that city that he is far from desirous of hazarding an action with the troops of the United States—that he is at heart averse to war, but had not yet secured such a hold as to be able to act counter to the universal desire of his countrymen. It appears to be understood in Havana that Santa Anna has made a demand upon the clergy of the country for a loan of two millions and a half. His sincerity in this is greatly suspected; and he is charged with secretly instigating the reply of the clergy, that the money cannot be procured. Santa Anna persists that it is absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the war, and upon the refusal of the clergy he may found his excuse with his countrymen for not assuming active and offensive hostilities.

We learn that General La Vega, before leaving Havana for Vera Cruz in the British steamer, received from his government the command of a brigade, and was ordered to repair at once to join the army at San Louis Potosi. [N. O. Pic.]

GENERAL TAYLOR

Is the hero of a very good story, which we find among the last accounts from the seat of war. “Rough and Ready,” it will be recollected accompanied Gen. Worth’s brigade to Saltillo, in connection with the march into that place. As they approached within a few miles of it, they were met by a courier from the Alcalde or chief governor of the city, who presented to the General a very formidable looking despatch. A halt was called, and the General’s interpreter was ordered to give a translation of the document. It opened with an expostulation of the war on the part of the Americans—alleged that it was prosecuted for the purpose of conquest, rapine and plunder—protested against the further advance of the General’s forces—threatened him with the retribution that must follow, and—“but the General stopped the translator in the middle of a sentence, with—“Are you through, sir?” “No,” was the reply, “I have not read half of it.”

“O, I’ll hear no more of it,” said the General. “March!” He ordered the baggie to sound the advance, and again the column was in motion.

HOW MR. JONES FAILED.

Some men feel so frequently, that it may almost be said of them, they do “nothing else.” We wish they would all follow the example of Mr. Jones.

There once lived, in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so; and among his many other peculiarities was that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. A very dignified and pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again—made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when his assignee said to him—

“Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent.”

“Sir,” said Mr. Jones, in a dignified manner, “you must make it fifty, sir. I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir.”

“It can’t be done,” said the assignee.

“It shall be done,” said Mr. Jones, elevating his right hand.

“We have not enough property in our hands to do it,” said the assignee.

“Sir,” said Mr. Jones, declare fifty per cent.—I always pay fifty per cent.—and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in your hands to pay fifty per cent. I, sir, will pay the balance out of my own pocket!”

“Training” the Boys. The first spring match of the season came off in the U. S. House of Representatives on Wednesday. The subject of debate was the Mexican war, and some conversation of a rather pungent kind took place between Mr. Davis of Ky., and Mr. Bailey, of Va. Both parties talked rather freely about interviews, character and man. Mr. Davis shook his fist, in an important manner, and said he would not suffer one to make a false representation of him. Mr. Bailey said if the term false was applied to him he would give it the lie.

The difficulty grew out of Mr. Bailey’s remark concerning the “advocates of Mexico,” on the floor of the House.

The London correspondent of the Boston Traveller says:—

“The American minister, Mr. Bancroft, resides in a large and elegant mansion in Eaton square, about three miles from St. Pauls Church. A large number of the nobility, gentry and distinguished persons have honored him with friendly calls. I understand that he intends to give several brilliant entertainments as soon as the fashionable season commences, and that will be after parliament opens and Mr. Bancroft is formally introduced at court.”

Improved Presses. A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that among other novelties of the day may be mentioned an improved printing press, which was recently tested in London, and threw off the astonishing number of 15,700 impressions in an hour. The inventor is Mr. Little, a gentleman connected with the office of the Illustrated News. He says he has received £10,000 for his invention. There is also an improved press erected by the celebrated engineers, Messrs. Dryden, in the London Times office, which is warranted to execute 12,000 impressions in the hour, or three in every second.

Tire ran Tax. The colored persons in Hayti have adopted a new constitution which provides that no white man shall hold real estate or become a citizen of that republic.

The “Upper Ten.” “Jane, yet must not learn Arithmetic.” “Why, mama? Because, my dear, in looking through years, yesterday, I saw that fractions were vulgar.”

LOSS OF THE SOMERS!

[New Orleans D. Tr. Dec. 22]

We learn from private Washington, that the U. S. brig of war Somers was captured and sunk on the 8th inst., at 9 o’clock, P. M., off Green Island. There were 89 persons on board, of whom, it was supposed at the time 39 had perished, and among them were Passed Midshipmen H. A. Clemens, (acting master) and John King-gold Hyenson.

Since then 16 out of the 39 have drifted ashore one of whom died from exposure. Eight men went ashore on hen-coops, near Vera Cruz, after having been in the water 30 hours, and were taken prisoners of war by the Mexicans. Great credit is due the officers and crews of the English and French vessels of war at anchor near the Somers at the time; every assistance possible on their own part was rendered.

Extract from a well informed source at Vera Cruz: “The recent intelligence from Tabasco is, that this state is much disgusted with the neglect of the Supreme Government of Mexico in not aiding them. It was thought a quorum of Mexican Congress could not be got together.”

Of Vera Cruz, Dec. 9, 1846.

One of the most afflicting calamities of the Somers; which foundered near Green Island.

That day escaped is due to the human exertions and intrepidity of the British, French, and Spanish officers of the squadron lying at Sacrifices, who, notwithstanding the fearful height of the sea, and the rage of the gale, sent several boats each from the principal ships to the rescue. Twenty boats are said to have been out.

The John Adams, without a pilot, ran through the reefs in the heaviest of the gale which carried the Somers down, and succeeded at the most imminent hazard of destruction, in reaching the anchorage of San Anton Lizardo. A merchant brig also escaped in the same manner. The John Adams takes the Somers’ place to-morrow morning—filling up the breach!

Com. Conner is expected every hour, with the Princeton, Spitfire, and other small vessels from Tampico; and the Albany and Boston from the North; and we confidently expect, upon their arrival, to make an immediate commencement on Alvarado. Some of the patriotic citizens of that place have thrown out polite intimations of their readiness to recommence the exchange of their copper for our iron, and Com. Conner is not the man to decline a traffic furnishing such returns.

I presume you have not yet heard of the attempt of Mr. Rogers, one of the recent cutting-out party, to set fire to a building used as a magazine near the town. His life was probably saved by not succeeding. Himself and one of his boat’s crew were made prisoners, and it is said they have been sent to Perote—reason not stated. This is all I know of it.

Franklin. The Printers in the vicinity of Newburyport have met, chosen a committee, and are making arrangements to celebrate the birth of Franklin. The editor of the Hingham Patriot, some years ago, determined to celebrate the 4th of July, and succeeded to admiration. The office hands formed a procession, and marched up stairs; the editor delivered the Oration, the Journal read the Declaration, and the Devil was toasted. After the ceremonies the company adjourned to the office below, and went to—sitting.

Old Fellowship. We have received a neatly executed pamphlet, printed by Sanborn & Carter, entitled “Proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State,” &c., at its semi-annual session of Portland in November last. The state of the Order is still very flourishing. During the two quarters ending Sept. 30, the aggregate addition to the several lodges of the State was 337 expiations, 5 suspensions, 47 deaths 19 Total number of contributing members, 1,849—nearly 1000 of whom belong to the three lodges in this city. A great amount of good has been done by this 1000 members—we hope they will continue to flourish and increase. [Arg.]

Good News. In New Hampshire there are the most cheering signs of energy on the part of the democrats, and of determination to rescue the state from the clutches of the Whigs. In the two last Concord Patriots we find a manifesto signed by fifteen democrats of Lyman, in Grafton county, who, have heretofore acted with the faction led by John P. Hale, styled the “Independent democratic” party, but who now renounce Whiggism and now their intention to “go for Williams and democracy at the next election.”

A rare curiosity. The Barre Gazette states that a hunter in that town week before last killed an animal which upon inspection turned out to be the joint product of the fox and skunk!—These animals are said to sometimes barrow together in the same hole.

This is the worst thing we ever heard of Reynolds. We seriously hope it is scandal. For the sake of science, the naturalists of Barre ought to be quite sure before they publish it to the world as fact. [Boston Post.]

Baltimore, Dec. 29.—Alexander Barrow, U. S. senator from Louisiana, died this morning at 5 o’clock, at Barrow’s Hotel. He had left Washington as the friend of G. Davis of Kentucky, with a view to the adjustment of the difficulty with Mr. Bayly of Va. He was taken very suddenly with bilious colic, and so violently as to baffles the skill of the best medical advisers.

Prize Money. A letter from an officer in the U. S. squadron off Tampico says:—

“We took an estimate of the prize money accruing on the various prizes taken at Tabasco and this place. It amounts to \$220,000, of which, is \$110,000, goes to government; so the navy is doing something for itself.”

It is said that in Washington, the British minister is about to unite himself to a lovely and accomplished lady of that city.

A Hard Case. A “regular, full grown grind-stone,” weighing over 30 pounds, was recently exhumed at St. Louis from a thin coating of hees-wax, in which it had been purchased at the rate of 23 cents per pound.

Santa Anna, in a letter to somebody in New York, declares he never will accept a dishonorable peace. He will never be asked to do so.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JANUARY 5, 1847.

“The Union—it must be preserved.”

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

Another year is gone. The last sands have run out, and the stream which is bearing this so swiftly towards the ocean of oblivion, ceases not its silent flow. Another year is gone! Dream-like it has passed away; and with it the plans, the projects, and the hopes of millions! O, days of the past, with what epais are ye laden! The tale of 1846 has been told. The scenes of that year are now closed—closed forever—its history is recorded—recorded unalterably. And what have we accomplished? Alas, how little compared to what we hoped to have accomplished, and might have accomplished. Two much of the year has been dreamed away without any well directed efforts; and yet none of its mispent hours can be recalled; none of its abused opportunities can be restored. We now stand upon the verge of a new year, a season, by common consent, of kind wishes, and friendly greetings. It is a convenient stage in the journey of life, at which man may profitably rest a moment—a kind of eminence from which he may take a retrospective view of the past,—and gather therefrom lessons of instruction for the future.

Parwell, then, to the old, welcome to the new year! The birth day of the year! How many associations cluster around it! Who that has seen its entrance will witness its exit? Will it be bright with joy or dark with sorrow? These things are beyond our knowledge, beyond our control. But, kind readers, we say—not to the spirit of an evening contemplation, but in sincerity and truth—to you, to all our friends, and to all our enemies—“God grant you may be happy now, and always; not only in this year, but through all the years of your lives.” How you have been doing the past year, whether happy or unhappy is best known to yourselves. As you make your bed, so you must lie in it. It may be a bed of roses, or a bed of thorns. If the heart be right, the life will be happy; if that be wrong, all is wrong. But enough of this morning. And yet one feels like musing on an occasion like this, when he sees directly marked on the dial plate of time, that he is one year nearer to eternity!

It may not, perhaps, be improper for us to allude to some of the events of the past year,—what has transpired in this second of time just passed? What moral, religious,—what agricultural, mechanical,—what political? Reader! than hast lived and been among men thyself, and dost not know as well as we, what has taken place? Hast thou taken no notes? and must you depend upon the printer’s for thy amusement or profit?

Well, we will throw out a few hints which may serve as a key to unlock the history of the past year.

In the moral and religious field, *Altkates, holy and wholly* have been formed, both in the old, and the new world. Many have labored for moral and religious reform, each in his own way, and each undisturbedly to the satisfaction, and it is to be hoped, to the improvement of the circles in which they have worked. Very many some sumers have reported, the labors have been arduous, the cold hearted warmed, and the bigoted and ignorant enlightened—and consequently many made charitable and better,—and I now do not, not through fear, but from moral principle, a sense of right and duty. And we units Planners, hypocrites, that have made long prayers and were long faces, that they might the better deceive the unseeing, and wing from the innocent, the widow and orphan, that little portion which they demanded upon their daily support—no unto them!

But blessed are the pure in heart, who have re-estimated their passions, accumulated their characters to those of the present and the best of our race, who have sought justice for all classes, and especially for working men, a fair compensation for their labor—let them form high resolves, adhere to them, and continue to employ their time for the best interest of humanity, and they will leave “footsteps on the sands of time,” which the waves of oblivion will not sweep efface.

Agriculture.—God bless the tillers of the soil! And He has blessed, and I dare bless them. A good season and crops, and a good currency, always well pays the farmer—and even with a bad currency, he is the best off. His books always discount; his harvests never fully fail; his grain and his beef and pork will always pass current so long as there are markets to be fed. The farmers are the salt of the earth, and that salt hath not lost its savor.

The Mechanics.—One of the most useful classes among our citizens. Great improvements have been made in the mechanic arts the last year, and they are worthy of great praise. We hope they will ever respect themselves,—study to know their rights—mechanics should always be intelligent, and have opportunity to make themselves so—and knowing their rights manfully defend them. Then they will soon command as fair a price for their labor as does the capitalist for his money.

The events which have occurred in political affairs during the past year, have, indeed, been wonderful!—The Oregon question settled, not so well as we could wish, but on the whole, as well, perhaps, as we could expect. The Mexican war, commenced by the President, as declared by the peace in war party, but in truth justly declared by Congress, and not by a party vote, has been truly successful, and will no doubt result in good to this country, and to the great mass of the people of Mexico. The raw tariff has gone into successful operation, and “Gen. Panic” and his aid of “rain” memory, have already suffered defeat. The

It, it appears to us, a great fault among those who profess to have imbibed the spirit of Jesus, and live in the truths which He uttered, that they turn too much to the future state for the benefits to be secured to themselves and others from His teachings, too little to the present, and the glorious results which would follow, if they would but apply His teachings a little more generally to matters of every transaction—to the social circle in which they live—to matters of legislation and civil government, every thing connected with man's comfort, hap-

are excluded from joining the associations—a kingdom will be greatly extended no doubt by exclusiveness and sanctified self-righteousness.

WILLIAM C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Pleasanton Farmer states that Mr. Morris Currier of Dover, Maine, committed suicide by hanging himself in his own barn on Sunday of last week. Mr. Farmer has been deranged at times for a number of

for which long standing accounts will be marked
B. and crossed out. For further particulars call
Bookstore and inquire of B. WALTON.
is Hill, Dec. 25, 1846. if 34

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